



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF  
**HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,**  
**AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.**

# THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF

*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

To know the cause why music was ordained  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,  
After his studies or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.  
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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THE musical annals of every week demonstrate, that no man who is not endowed with a vigorous and richly cultivated intellect, can hope to make any serious or lasting impression upon the genuine lovers of the art. This is not a time when people, who have any pretences to reflection, are to be put off with sweet and dainty devices. The present generation is honourably distinguished for the revival of things that had fallen into oblivion—the summoning up to life and light the buried creations of a former age—the restoration, in all their primeval beauty and magnificence, of the defaced, or apparently time-destroyed monuments of departed genius. We hold communion with Sebastian Bach in his passions, missæ, motets, concertos, and fugues; with Handel, in the sublime conceptions revealed in his Israel in Egypt, Solomon, and Judas Maccabæus; with Purcel, in his operas and anthems; with Scarlatti, in his sonatas and toccatas; with Beethoven, in his choral symphony, posthumous quartets, and eight part missa. We cannot rest satisfied with any exhibition of passion or sentiment that is not well wrought and accurately delineated, whether its character be gentle or overpowering; with no feats of scholarship that are not the produce of a masculine and well-trained intellect. The world is, or ought to be, grown too old to be amused with trifles, and should be too severely critical to be deluded by the mere semblance of talent, either in execution or composition. The immense accumulation of classical music, the frequency of its performance, and its wide dissemination, have been rendering, and will continue to render us, more and more fastidious. We have no room for, and certainly no sympathy with, any thing that is within the range of mediocrity. We are called upon to contemplate and study the voluminous records of foregone artists, who were the great luminaries of their own day, and who still continue to give light to the present generation; we possess living, breathing men, in the musical republic, who shed a lustre on our own times, and who are capable of

achieving more splendid triumphs than any they have as yet emblazoned their name, withal, bright as have been the emanations of their spirit-stirring genius. Let not, then, any one dream of eluding the shafts of ridicule—the severest test of truth—who encases himself in the gorgeous armour of the hero, without having first proved it.

We speak calmly, and we speak sincerely, no professor, with any regard for his reputation, can now dare to undertake duties for which he is but barely competent ; no professor can hope to escape the censure of his brother artists, or the disapprobation of the musical public, who, laying aside all care for the advancement of the art, thinks fit, besides retaining his own rightful station, to take the place of a brother artist, every way his superior in the particular branch he wishes to usurp. The *contra-basse* is not to ape the violin—the flute is not to shut out the oboe—the pianist is not to thrust aside the organ performer.

In the musical ceremonial of the approaching Coronation, there is a projected arrangement which the sober and right-thinking part of the musical profession regard with feelings of grief and indignation, involving, as it does, an act of injustice towards a most worthy and talented member of the profession, and exhibiting a shameless disregard of the proprieties of a musical solemnity. We allude to the Music Director undertaking the diametrically opposed offices of conducting a crowded orchestra, and of performing on a large German organ with two octaves of pedals. We presume the most talented organist in Europe, whoever that individual may be, never dreamt of such a combination of duties in his most ambitious moments ; and we perfectly acquit Sir GEORGE SMART of entertaining the notion, that such an alliance of conflicting interests can by any dexterity be compassed. If the thing were possible, the money paid to Mr. TURLE, at the late Norwich Festival, when Sir GEORGE conducted, was a wasteful and needless expenditure ; or, to put the converse of the proposition, the money paid to Sir GEORGE as Conductor on that occasion, stands in the same predicament of folly. If such an arrangement is becoming and proper, then Mr. KNYVETT's presence, at the late Birmingham Festival, was a farce ; or, otherwise, Mr. TURLE's contemporaneous assistance at the organ, was a fraud on the charities to be benefited by the celebration ; — and Sir GEORGE SMART's direction at the Westminster Abbey Festival, was a useless piece of ostentation, while such men as Dr. CROTCH, Mr. ADAMS, Mr. TURLE, Mr. NOVELLO, and other eminent professors were simultaneously presiding at the organ. If Sir GEORGE SMART can discharge both functions at the same time, why did he not discharge them at the Abbey Festival — at the Norwich Festival ? why did not Mr. KNYVETT assume them at the Birmingham and York meetings ?

If it be urged that Sir GEORGE SMART can, whilst at the organ, exhibit all the attributes of a Conductor, then the person advancing this argument, must either admit Sir GEORGE to be a very indifferent organist, or he must know but little of the instrument. MENDELSSOHN is a great organist ; but would this great musician expose himself by attempting, at one and the same time, to conduct an orchestra of four hundred persons, and to bring into play the thunder of two octaves of pedals ? We would venture to say that to one who has so thoroughly learned the

watchful energy and active intellect, which a numerous orchestra demands from the Conductor, the union of these discordant elements would be treated with deserved scorn and contempt. What would our two great organists, ADAMS and the Exeter WESLEY, say of such an adventure? Can we ever suppose such ignorance, and such contentment to dwell in such minds?

We do not impute to Sir GEORGE SMART the smallest desire to place himself in an invidious, and, strictly speaking, untenable position. He possesses a sound and discriminating mind, and he is, or rather he imagines he is, by the force of circumstances, compelled to adopt the course he has taken. The organ used at the Coronation becomes the perquisite of the performer; the Conductor has no other emolument than the patronage incident to the office, and such payment as may ordinarily be deemed an adequate compensation for the service. But this is an extraordinary occasion, and it is but natural that Sir GEORGE SMART should use every precaution to secure his fee, which is said to amount to between two and three hundred pounds. We believe Sir GEORGE SMART entertains no other wish than to protect his fair interests, and least of all, the wish to figure as an organist in the place of Mr. TURLE. We therefore presume that if the fee as organist, could be secured to him as Conductor, he would readily surrender the seat at the instrument, to the more able superintendence of his brother professor, whose situation in the Abbey points out that seat as his proper place, at the approaching Coronation. Justice demands, the profession expects, that, subject to Sir GEORGE's pecuniary rights, Mr. TURLE should occupy this station; and those who are acquainted with the respective acquirements of these two gentlemen, are astonished that the parties in power should have any difficulty about the matter.

If, however, it should ultimately turn out that Sir GEORGE SMART might have secured to himself his fee, without insisting on the occupation of two incompatible situations, then let him look to it, for we give him fair warning. There was, in days of yore, a much favoured professor, a man of real talent, a member of the Chapel Royal, and an organist to royalty, who was indiscreet enough to insist on his privileges at unseasonable times, and we find in the pages of musical history, that at a certain Coronation this great man (for he was no pretender) was placed under a suspension, and another appointed to officiate in his room! Sir GEORGE may attempt, at the ensuing Coronation, to reconcile impossibilities, but the public and the members of the profession, will not remain indifferent to an insult offered to their understanding, and a wound inflicted on their sense of moral justice.

#### A NEW READING OF OLD MUSIC.

HAS the music introduced into the play of *Macbeth*, as now acted, been ever properly performed? Before, however, attempting an answer to this self-proposed question, the writer may as well confess what the reader would quickly discover—that he is no musician. But there are points in every art referable to common sense, and to be judged by general principles. A man may detect a false note, and yet be profoundly ignorant of the gamut. Still more may he be entitled to give an opinion on what regards expression, on the consonancy of the style of execution with the feeling to be developed, on the relations betwixt the mode and the object.

The words sung by the witches are partly borrowed from Middleton's tragi-

comedy of "The Witch," partly written by D'Avenant, and, together with Lock's music, harmonise so fitly with the spirit of the scene as to have become, in every one's mind, part and parcel of the play itself. Yet it seems doubtful whether the manner in which they are usually sung, and played, be not in opposition to this agreement; sufficiently so, indeed, to impair, though it cannot utterly destroy their kindred nature with the original. Burney speaks of "the rude and wild excellence" of the music, meaning by the phrase *rude and wild* to describe its spirit, not to censure its composition. And this, its leading characteristic, which makes it a fit medium for expressing the sensations of the unearthly beings from whom it proceeds, is the point most disregarded in its execution. A grand and besetting fault, this, which has evidently arisen from the burlesque of mere human witches—old women with black cats—to which the actors have till lately degraded Hecate and the weird sisters. The distinction betwixt the vulgar portraiture of witches and the *foul Anomalies* of Shakspeare, has been finely drawn by Charles Lamb—"those can hurt the body, these have power over the soul." As the raven smells the battle from afar, so do they scent the life-blood of man, the immortal part of him. They are mysterious shadows, out of the pale of nature; supernatural in ill. But as the actors copied their witches from the most absurd patterns of humanity, so have the singers imitated them by divesting both words and music, as far as in them lies, of their affinity in solemn wildness with the spectral grandeur of the Shaksperian Eumenides. To instance in a few passages.

"What should we do, when good kings die?  
Rejoice!"

The singers ask the question as if they were uttering a Joe Miller, and answer it much in the spirit of a set of pothouse drunkards over porter. Yet triumphant exultation anticipative of the reply, and the stern frenzy of the latter, are both to be found in the music, if suffered to speak out. And could it not be so arranged that, when the basses have rolled forth their deep *gaudeamus*, "deep answering deep," the tenors and trebles should take it up, so that it expire in the furthest distance, in a shriek of fiendish joy, like the voice of the wind.

"Let's have a dance upon the heath,"

is another instance of perversion of all true meaning by the singers, as is its fellow line—

"And dance to the echo of our feet."

One would suppose they were a merry crew of gipsies, about to jig it to the tune of "Drops of brandy." Now, witches from time immemorial seem to have had a predilection for dancing. A dance has ever been a component part of orgies sacred to—

"Dark-veiled Cottyto! to whom the secret flame,  
Of midnight torches burns,"

wherever held in her honour; but though Comus and his monsters might

"Knit hands, and beat the ground,  
In a light fantastic round;"

the Stygian merriment of such revellers as the "midnight hags" of Macbeth would have nothing in common with the usual "dancing measures." The Weird Sisters are, indeed, serious things, whose presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But the music, it will be said, is here light and airy; characteristic rather of the tripping of fairies, than of the "hell-broth" joy of the "posters of the sea and land." It is made so, as every one knows; but is it necessarily so! To a non-musical ear, but a poetic mind, it would admit of a very different expression. "The echo of our feet" might be voiced as a bodiless strain, and the "let us dance" might be pealed with the power of those whose steps would shake the earth.

It would be useless to particularise further with respect to a composition so well known as this bold and original music. The presumed defects above pointed out, will serve to shew the essential difference in its execution at which the writer aims, and the expression not merely of which he deems it capable, but which he imagines to be inherent in it. The singers give flesh and blood to that which hangs "upon the corner of the moon." They are not with Hecate "for the air." Sung in imagination the voices cry from murky cloud, or are muttered from the entrails of the earth; they rush on the wings of the wind, and are echoed by airy caves. But, as commonly given, the fantastic and fanciful are lowered to the pretty, the grand is rendered commonplace, and the unearthly human.

## LES HUGUENOTS.

LES HUGUENOTS, the last of Meyerbeer's productions, was first performed at the grand opera in February 1836, and has had an almost incessant run ever since. The drama, by Scribe, is founded on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the horrors of which are strongly represented. This piece is an instance of the change in the French taste in regard to spectacles of bloodshed and horror. These were formerly excluded, and their frequent occurrence on the English stage was a fruitful theme of censure and ridicule to the French critics; but the modern French public appear now to have a morbid appetite for horrid and revolting theatrical exhibitions. This opera terminates with the massacre, in the presence of the audience, of the chief protestant persons of the drama, who are shot by the furious Catholic soldiers, and their bodies left in a heap on the stage, while the murderers depart in search of fresh victims, singing in chorus, by way of finale,—

“Frappons, pour-uivons l'hérétique;  
Dieu le veut, Dieu veut leur sang!”

This opera presents another feature, now common on the French stage; the indecorous introduction of prayers, hymns, and the most solemn rites and ceremonies of religion. One of the means of dramatic effect is the frequent repetition of one of Luther's psalms: and a hymn to the Virgin, sung by a choir of young girls, in a religious procession, is blended with the profane accents of a jovial ditty, in praise of women, wine, and plunder, roared by a party of drunken Calvinists. These circumstances are a bar to the performance of *Les Huguenots* on the English stage; and it is owing to them, doubtless, that no attempt of the kind has been made; for, in other respects, this opera could be clothed in an English dress as easily as *Robert le Diable*. Its music, like that of its precursor, is full of powerful effects, but fatiguing to the ear from the almost incessant force of the accompaniments during five long acts; and the great quantity of religious music (as it is called) appears very heavy, except to Frenchmen, who seem to have a greater relish for this description of music in the theatre than in the place where it is most appropriate.—*Hogarth's Musical Drama*.

## THEODORE DOEHLER.

THIS pianist was born at Naples, on the 20th April, 1814, where his father resided as a teacher of languages. When seven years old, he is reported to have stood anxiously at the pianoforte while his eldest sister was taking her lesson, repeatedly requesting to be allowed to take a part with her. His parents paid little attention to his musical talents, as he seemed to be equally clever in most things; however, they at last yielded to his importunities. His master very soon discovered his extraordinary talent for music, and in six months the little Theodore played much better than his sister, who had studied music upwards of two years.

Good masters at Naples were difficult to be found, and after changing from one to another no less than five times, the lad had the good fortune to become acquainted with C. M. Von Weber's pupil, Julius Benedict, who soon brought his apt scholar to such perfection, that when only thirteen years old, he played with him for the first time in public, at the theatre del Fondo.

In 1829, when his father was appointed tutor to the Hereditary Prince, by the Duke of Lucca, the whole family removed to Vienna, which to young musical students is a most desirable residence. Here M. Doehler gained all he wished for, and placed himself under M. Czerny.

In his seventeenth year he had the good fortune, through the influence of the Duke of Lucca, to be appointed “titular cammern-virtuosen” to the King, when he entered into three years of service, and accompanied his august master in his travels in Italy and Germany.

He studied thorough bass and general harmony and composition under Sechter, and among his works he published “Variations for four hands on Themes from Zampa, Straneira, I Capuletti e I Montecchi, and Norma; a brilliant Rondo, in the Drinking Chorus in Zampa; a Fantasia on Motifs, from Robert le Diable; and a grand “Concert-stucke,” dedicated to the Queen of Naples, &c. &c.

## METROPOLITAN CONCERTS.

**MDLLE. OSTERGAARD'S AND MISS NUNN'S CONCERT.**—These vocalists gave an evening concert on Saturday, which was numerously attended. Their assistants were Curioni, De Begnis, Guibilei, Balfe, Catone, Sanquirico, Castellano, Negri, Mdle. Eckerlin, Mdle. Placci, Brizzi, Sola, &c. &c. The instrumental performances were by Herr Pott, and his Liliputian rival, Mdle Milanollo, of whose merits we have already descanted in terms of just impartiality; Laureati, Sedlatzek, Giulio Regondi (who appears more clever every time we hear him); the Misses Broadhurst, Miss Tahourdin, and Miss Day. The selection comprised some compositions which we wish to hear again, others that we regret to record that we have heard; but it is utterly out of the question to individualize the merit of each of the professors who appeared on this occasion. The ladies Mdle. Ostergaard and Miss Nunn, sang well; the room was brim full—the programme abundantly prolific, and the audience gratified, and with these observations we must bid them farewell.

**MR. EDWARD HUMMEL'S CONCERT.**—Mr. Edward Hummel is the eldest son of the celebrated pianist, whose loss the musical world has not yet ceased to deplore. Since the death of his father, Mr. Hummel has resided in this metropolis, where it would seem he intends to pursue his professional avocations as a teacher of that instrument, on which his father so pre-eminently excelled. The concert displayed no novelty. Mr. Hummel performed the quintet, in E flat minor, with Messrs. Eliason, W. Blagrove, Hausman, and Müller; the first movement of the concerto "Les Adieux de Paris," and the MS. duet for two pianofortes in E flat, with Mad. Dulcken. If Mr. Hummel's industry has been great, his talent is unquestionably small; if the reverse be the case, he must hasten to remove the shade which he has cast on the escutcheon of his ancestor. He has much to do before he rises to an equality with some scores of men of his own age, his rivals in pianoforte playing and teaching in this metropolis. The quintet was played neatly; the duet was made unequal by the crisp, brilliant, and dashing execution of Mad. Dulcken, and the concerto was a grievous show up to all parties engaged in its performance. Nothing by any possibility could be more uncertain, no performers could be more happily independent of each other, or innocent of the real business they had undertaken to perpetrate. M. Hausman in a fantasia on the violoncello, and Eliason in a rondo pastorale for the violin excited considerable attention. Miss Birch and Mrs. Alfred Shaw delighted by their beautifully rich and superb voices. The "Per Pieta," of Mozart, the former lady sang magnificently, and was deliciously accompanied by M. Benedict; the same must be said of Mrs. Shaw in her delivery of "L'Adio," by Mozart. We foresee in this lady a great dramatic singer, the Malibran of the English stage; her enunciation is improving hourly, and voice gaining a still greater volume. Mr. Parry sang capitally, and is really a valuable assistant at a benefit concert. The room was fashionably, although not fully attended.

**MR. BLAGROVE'S CONCERT.**—We ever look forward to the annual assembling of the friends of this distinguished violinist with feelings of high gratification. To him and his youthful associates in the "Quartet Concerts" the musical world ought to be grateful (and most assuredly it is so,) for having been the first to band themselves together, with a steadfastness of purpose, to do honour to the mighty dead by a production of their less known, and, therefore, for a time, less welcome compositions. To him the profession also have been indebted for the first introduction in this country of that serene and reflective mode of concertante performance which so distinguishes the quartet *réunions* on the continent. To him we owe many hours of unalloyed pleasure, whilst listening to Beethoven in his airy playfulness, his deep and voluptuous beauty, his godlike strength, as revealed in the posthumous quartets. And in this professor we rejoice to find a gentlemanly and artist-like bearing in his conduct and conversation, which is calculated to have a marked and beneficial effect on the rising members of the profession, when emanating from one so highly and yet so properly favoured by those "whose praise is fame."

Mr. Blagrove was honoured by a most distinguished, fashionable, and numerous



audience. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by his amiable Duchess and family, graced the royal box, and honoured the entertainment with their presence. Mr. Blagrove's first essay was in the grand concertante sonata in A, for piano and violin (dedicated to Kreutzer) by Beethoven; the pianoforte part was undertaken by Doehler. During the last season we had the opportunity of hearing this sonata performed on several occasions, once by Moscheles and twice by Mad. Dulcken, who executed it with Mori, and also with Mr. Blagrove at his annual concert in May, 1837. We must confess we could not reconcile ourselves to M. Doehler's performance. It was played in a noisy, selfish, unartistical manner, without any feeling for his fellow-labourer, and with very little for the composer. The lady beat him hollow in attention to the *delicæ* of this inimitable combination of graceful elegance and giant proportions, and we felt annoyed that so much of Blagrove's fine and classical reading, allied as it was to faultless execution, should be thrown into the shade by want of consideration on the part of his companion. The pianoforte contrasted with the violin reminded one of a Hottentot in top boots, capering up and down the gay area of Almacks with one of the most lovely of Albion's fair daughters.

The second performance of Mr. Blagrove was the introduction and new variations, composed and dedicated to Mori by Mayseder. It is a composition unworthy of Mayseder, unworthy of a dedication to a great artist like Mori, and unworthy of the finished execution of a Blagrove, and we care not to carry it in our remembrance.

The third appearance of Mr. Blagrove was in a quadruple concerto for two violins, viola, and violoncello, with full orchestral accompaniments by Leopold Jansa, music director and professor of the violin at the University of Vienna. This professor was originally intended for the legal profession, but his love for music led him successively to study the organ, piano, and violin, and on each of these instruments he became a celebrated performer. He afterwards placed himself under the celebrated contrapuntist, Foester, with whom he studied the higher branches of the art; and on the death of Schuppanzig, the distinguished quartet player, took his situation, and contributed by his skill to raise the character of the quartet performances, which had been established by Schuppanzig in that city. The quadruple concerto, although a novelty in this country, is not a recent production of M. Jansa; but is nevertheless a favourable specimen of his elegant and matured genius. It was charmingly played by the *bénéficiaire*, Eliason, Moralt, and Hausseman. It may be worthy of mention that the composer first established his fame at Vienna, by his performance of Beethoven's sonata in A, on which occasion, the first string of his violin giving way, he went through the composition unmoved, executing the passages on the remaining three.

The last appearance of Mr. Blagrove was in the Grand Septuor of Beethoven, which was for the first time in this country produced in the same manner as at Paris, during the last winter, and, need we add, with the same brilliant and overwhelming applause. There were forty-six performers; sixteen violinists, ten violas, eight celli, six contra bassi, two clarionetti, two fagotti, and two corni, embracing the orchestral talent of the metropolis. The effect was astounding; nothing could be more beautiful, so clear, crisp, bright, true, and perfect to the style of the author. The audience had got somewhat fatigued and inattentive, but this noble performance aroused them in a moment, and every movement was welcomed with the most vehement approbation. But as for ourselves, we absolutely groaned over the omission of the andante. To perform a part in so magnificent, extraordinary, and unrivalled manner, and yet not to luxuriate in the heavenly repose, the calm loveliness of the glorious andante, seemed a clear throwing away the blessed things of this earth—we can positively shed tears of vexation at the remembrance of the disappointment. And then the deceit practised upon us! to be beguiled into the fond hope of hearing the whole, and tantalized with here and there a fragment! We can no more, or we shall get atrabilious, and write all sorts of saucy, impertinent observations, when we should be delighted and thankful.

These displays were interspersed with sundry songs, duets, trios, &c. Madame Cinti must not sing with Mrs. Shaw, the fine organ and pure intonation of the latter is very unfavourable to the prima donna of the French opera. The other vocalists were Mdlle. Caremoli, Miss Woodham, Miss Lockey, Ivanhoff (who has

improved marvellously in his notions of classical music, and is become a great artist), Castellan, Kroff, Guibilei, Seguin, and Parry, junior.

M. Doehler played the fantasia on the Anna Bolena magnificently, and Signor Giulio Regondi astonished and delighted every one, whether professor or amateur, by his exquisite delivery of Nicholson's variations on the concertina. M. Benedict presided, Mr. Loder led, and M. Nadaud conducted the Septuor. The concert was throughout a very fine performance.

**THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—The season has closed, as it commenced, with weakness and infamy. The two hundred pounds disbursed in the copying of new music, and the assembling of the band on two separate occasions, for the purpose of rehearsing it, has been so much money thrown into the mire. The great lights, the heads of the profession, Messrs. Dance and Co., could not by their brains discover what music was worth doing, and dared not for their lives allow the one or two really clever men banded with them to make the investigation for them. The same helplessness and absurdity which marked the conduct of the directors at the commencement of the season, in the promulgation of rules which the good sense of the subscribers would not tolerate for an instant, have been continued to the termination, in the misplacing of the music, the bad choice of vocalists, and the ruthless, cruel, Philharmonic mode of accompanying vocal and concerto compositions. Our native singers were denied the opportunity of exhibiting their talents and acquirements in solo singing; and, as if this arrangement was not sufficiently derogatory to the most celebrated, they were herded together in a strange medley—the competent with the incompetent, those having reputation with those who have none. The same careless mode of accompaniment which marked the first concert has been continued to the last; and whether Spohr or Rossini be the composers, *Jessonda* or *Semiramide* the music, Smart or Moscheles at the helm, the butchery is the same. And why, it will be asked, is it that this band, which is distinguished for possessing more tone than any other, should be also celebrated for less discretion? Can it be because the partial and the little informed sit in the seat of judgment, grasp the wand of office, and imagine the subscribers think these concerts the perfect combination of learning and skill? The proceedings of this season must lead to a change of measures; the society should resume its position in the consideration of the great composers, and its performances cease to excite the ill concealed scorn, the scarce smothered laugh of the intelligent foreigner. One man should take the helm, and the orchestra instead of exhibiting a mingled multitude of *practised artists*, must in future demonstrate the union of *professors*, the intelligence and style of *musicians*. Until these things take place, the band may content themselves with the reputation of playing the overtures to Der Freyschutz and Oberon, "in an unexamined style of perfection" (the probable result of theatrical rehearsals), and risk the charge of slurring over the great works of Spohr and Beethoven.

The last concert was held on Monday, the programme of which we subjoin. *Part I.*—Sinfonia in B flat, Beethoven. Romance, Madame Cinti Damoreau, "Sombre forêt," (Guillaume Tell), Rossini. Concerto, pianoforte, F minor, (MS.), Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett, Bennett. Duetto, Madame Cinti Damoreau and Mademoiselle Placci, "Serbami ognor si fido," (Semiramide), Rossini. Overture, (Der Beherrscher der Geister), C. M. Von Weber. *Part II.*—Sinfonia, in A (MS.), composed for this Society, Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Aria, Signor Ivanoff, "Oh! cara immagine," (Il Flauto Magico), Mozart. Concerto, violin, Mr. Blagrove, Mayseder. Scena, Madame Cinti Damoreau, "Fatal Goffredo," (Torquato Tasso), Donizetti. Overture, (Die Zauberflöte), Mozart. Leader, Mr. Loder. Conductor, Mr. Moscheles. The symphony went off with more of style about it than we ever remember to have heard before at a Philharmonic performance, and which we attribute to the conducting of M. Moscheles, who has, however, at present to contend with great difficulty. He thinks of the composer; the orchestra gentlemen think only of Maelzel's metronome. Mr. Moscheles' sympathy with Beethoven leads him to accelerate here and retard there; the gentlemen behind him seem to say, "Pray don't trouble yourself; we are not going to break the time for Beethoven, you, or any one else. What do we care about the music? Are we not paid to play the notes and keep together?" This indifference to the wishes of the conductor is the result of chopping and changing about until the



band has become seared and callous to the wants and wishes of even the most clever and talented members in the Society. "Give us," say they, "the man who will conduct himself in dutiful accordance with our will, not the man who would take upon himself to put us in leading-strings." The new symphony by Mendelssohn is not yet understood; and as the Society may be said to have no opportunity of a genuine rehearsal, we cannot prognosticate the period when a revelation of the composer's meaning may be vouchsafed them. The first movement is less striking than most of this composer's efforts, and we understand so little satisfies M. Mendelssohn, that he has expressed his intention to write another in its place. But the andante contains more new, striking, and rich thoughts than any thing we have yet heard since the days of Beethoven. There is not the ardent, impassioned, sudden, abrupt, unforeseen outbursts of a wild, restless, or melancholy spirit in its fashioning; but there is the language of a calm elegance and refinement—the charms of a purity, innocence, and loving nature—the middle tints and exquisitely delicate delineations of a tranquil but great genius—all of which renders it extremely interesting. It is acknowledged talent in its brightest serenity, pouring forth its thoughts in an even and uninterrupted flow of proper and carefully chosen expression. The *Scherzo* is less remarkable, although elegant; but the finale teems with brilliant expositions of mingled fancy and feeling, and infinitely removed from the ordinary level of orchestral composition. There was a strong disposition to have a repetition of the Andante; but the Philharmonic orchestra, in these cases, is somewhat "hard of hearing." Our professors have not yet learnt to relish Bach's harmonies in orchestral positions, and the perfect novelty of the phrases and images scattered every where throughout the finale passed off too suddenly to make their due impression on the slow moving circulation of a genuine Philharmonic fiddler. The overture of Weber, although not taken faster than the time adopted by the composer in this country, happens to be rather an inconvenient time for a certain execution of the violin passages. The brass instrumentalists were unnecessarily noisy.

The concerto performances went off brilliantly; and Blagrove, who had armed himself with a new instrument, never played with more spirit or skill. His reception was more than usually pointed, flattering to himself, and gratifying to his friends. Mr. Bennett gave the same concerto with which he delighted us at his concert. He has received our commendation, and will not be offended at our advancing an additional observation. On a second repetition we feel the want of a working up in each of the movements, particularly in the first. The design is satisfactory, the outline plain and unambitious; but as there is but little artifice, so there is but little enthusiasm. It is a composition worth retouching, and the orchestral colouring may be much improved.

The vocal efforts require but short notice. Ivanoff sang Mozart's aria most deliciously, but Mr. Loder would not think with Mr. Moscheles, and Mr. Watts declined to march in equal paces with Mr. Loder, and consequently the passages for the violins in contrary motion were changed into an absurd phrase in syncopation. The same perverseness was exhibited in the encore which the beautiful delivery of Ivanoff secured this lovely song.

The room was well filled. We extract the following sensible remarks from the *Morning Post* of Wednesday, with which our readers will, we doubt not, be much gratified:—

"The time has now arrived when this society must wake from its lethargic state, and endeavour to attempt something for the advancement of art. A sluggish directorship must be superseded by an active, intelligent, and vigilant management. The signs of the times are clear, and not to be mistaken. The voice of the subscribers has long been silent; but the word has been spoken, and it will be no longer possible for the society to resist the universal demand for improvement. The mean and pitiful intrigue which has so long been the scoff and jest of the profession must necessarily be put down; as also the favouritism in making engagements, which has created mingled disgust and indignation. The selection of singers, and the music which they do sing, require a radical change, in point of control and discipline. The spectacle of a conductor and leader combating for the direction of the band can no longer be tolerated. The trashy writings of concerto players must be firmly rejected, and no artist be allowed

to foist in his fantastic or narcotic imaginings, affecting at the same time the most "pure and undivided affection for the classical." The disposition of the orchestra, so long a matter of astonishment at such ignorance of acoustics, must undergo revision and alteration. Melody is the soul of music, and the leading instruments through which it is conveyed should no longer be drowned by the crash of sounds with which it has been as yet overwhelmed. Above all, there ought to be one conductor for the season, one master-spirit and mind, one who has the respect of the profession, who has the hand to wield, the heart to warm, and the head to calculate. There have been unprecedented failures and scenes this season at the concerts. The Philharmonists ought to stand high, and should be untainted with mercenary considerations. The members and associates must remember that the healthy aspect of "things musical" in this country essentially depends on the unsullied career of the society—on its perfect freedom from jobbing—from intrigue—or from favouritism. There are potent considerations, domestic as well as foreign, which dictate to the members that so widely-spread a reputation ought not to be frittered away, and that, in proportion as other knowledge progresses, the society must not retrograde. There should be a powerful dictatorship, free from personal influences, having only regard to the performance of the finest works of art, vocal as well as instrumental—for the former should no longer be a foil to the latter. We hope that the events of the season will dwell upon the memory, so as to offer a beacon for the future to avoid the shoals and breakers in which the reputation of the society has been nearly ingulfed."

**THE CATCH CLUB.**—The noblemen and gentlemen members of the Catch Club gave their annual festival to the ladies on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's. His Grace the Duke of Beaufort in the chair.

As on this occasion, by the rules of the club, ladies are permitted to grace and enliven the scene, the festival affords a vocal treat, seldom equalled, as well from the numerous professionals present, as from the talent displayed in this branch of composition. The company included upwards of one hundred of the nobility and gentry; and amongst those present we noticed, in addition to the noble Chairman, Earl St. Vincent and the Hon. Miss Jervis, Lord and Lady Saltoun, Lord Charles Fitzroy, Lord Templetown, Lady Lucy Vaughan, Lady Louisa Cator, Lady Somers, Lady de Saumarez, Lady Caroline F. Maxsi, Lady Georgiana Codrington, Lord Emlyn, Lady C. Fitzroy, Lady Elizabeth Gore, Lady and Miss Cumming, Hon. E. Upton, Hon. Craven and Lady Mary Berkeley, Hon. Mr. O. Forester, Sir R. B. and Lady Phillips, Hon. Caroline Rice, Hon. Frances Rice, Sir H. Townshend, Colonel and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Praed, M.P.; Hon. A. Macdonald, T. Fitzherbert, Esq.; Mr. and Mrs. Campbell (of Isla), J. Lodge Ellerton, Esq.; Robert Liston, Esq.; Arthur Heywood, Esq.; Dr. B. A. Kent, William Langham, Esq., &c.

At seven o'clock the company sat down to dinner, the whole being served on a service of silver plate, in the large room of Willis's, which was ornamented with exotics. Upon the removal of the cloth, "Non nobis Domine" was chaunted by the numerous vocal corps present, amounting to upwards of thirty vocalists, and including Messrs. Nield, W. Knyvett, Sale, Vaughan, Elliot, Hawes, Evans, Taylor, Bellamy, Terrail, Duruset, Clark, Horsley, T. Cooke, Goss, Walmisley, Hawkins, Turle, Machin, King, Spencer, Chapman, &c.

The following compositions were sung.

Battishill, "Amidst the myrtles." Stevens, "To be gazing." M. Roch, "Let the circling wine." Elliot, "Come see what pleasures." Cooke, "Fill me, boy." Jackson, "Where the bee sucks." Prize glee for the present year, by Mr. John Lodge. Madrigal, Linley. Catch, T. Cooke, "Let's have a catch." Glee, Horsley, "Blow light, thou balmy air." Madrigal, Wilbye, "Flora gave me." Glee, Bishop, "Sleep, gentle lady." Glee, Webbe, "A generous friendship."

After passing a delightful evening the company retired between eleven and twelve o'clock.

Our readers will perceive by reference to our advertising columns, that the concerts there announced present a variety of attractions, both in point of performers and singers; and appear to offer entertainment inferior to no *re-union* of the description past, or promised.

## THEATRICAL SUMMARY.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Cimarosa's "*Matrimonio Segreto*," was performed for the first time this season on Thursday last. The novelties in the cast were the appearance of Persiani in *Carolina*, and Mrs. E. Seguin's *Elisetta*; Albertazzi, Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini, sustained their original characters, and the opera was, therefore, finely mounted. Persiani sang and acted delightfully; nothing could be more graceful and playful than her share of the trio, "*Se faccio un inchino*." The antics of Lablache and Tamburini, in the duet, "*Se fiato*," were irresistibly droll. It was a regular *pas de deux*, as well as vocal duet, and Lablache's pitch above, and his pitch nearly below, when he balanced himself over the orchestra, produced roars of laughter. There is no more magnificent display of vocalization than Lablache's "*Matrimonio nobile*." The six artists we have named were called for at the fall of the curtain. Cimarosa was of the right school, and upon whom will his mantle descend?

After the opera we were presented with a new ballet, entitled "*Miranda*," founded on the Swan of Avon's "*Tempest*." We are spared the necessity of attempting a description of the plot, as the ballet has been withdrawn, not even the *Déesse de la Danse* being able to save it. She gave us ample reason to regret the failure by three charming *pas*, one of which, as a sportive child of nature wielding a bow and arrow, was one of the most elegant exhibitions of her elegant self.

On Saturday the royal command superseded the "*Matrimonio*," and Rossini's "*Matilde*" was played before a house crowded in every part. The "*Grisi*" duel was the universal topic, both before and behind the scenes. Her Majesty was present.

On Tuesday the indisposition of Persiani, forced the management notwithstanding the "late untoward event," to bring Grisi before the public in *Parisina*. The Queen, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cambridge, and almost every person of note in the world of fashion, as well as several distinguished foreigners, occupied the boxes, whilst the pit and gallery found occupants at an early hour. The greatest anxiety was manifested to witness the entrance of Grisi. She laboured under evident trepidation, but under all circumstances had no reason to complain of her reception, which was good, but not cordial or enthusiastic. After the close of the opera, she was called for, and a deserved compliment bestowed on her singing and acting.

Between the acts of the "*Parasina*," the two Elslers, Teresa and Fanny, made their first appearance this season, and were enthusiastically greeted. Teresa is tall and muscular, wavering and unsteady. Fanny is the head of a new school, that of the *petits pas*—its a *danseuse* upon the point of the foot; Fanny has no rival. Her prolonged shakes, left and right, are as perfect as the *picoles* which accompanies her. The slide across the stage on her toes is unprecedented, and created a hurricane of applause. The costume, however, of these Vehine dancers is highly objectionable, and there were indications sufficiently clear to point out the prudence of a change. After the opera, the Taglioni danced with Guerra the *pas de deux* from the "*Sylphide*," after which, the lady had a promenade before the curtain, such was the *furor* of the audience. The charming ballet of the "*Brigand of Terracina*" was then revived, the Elslers dancing another *pas de deux*. Fanny was the *Zelina*, and the bed-room scene was acted by her with graceful propriety, but she was not so successful as Duvernay in the elegant waltz in the robber's cavern.

## CHIT CHAT FROM THE CONTINENT.

STRASBURG.—At the Feast of Pentecost was performed a mass of Beethoven, in the magnificent cathedral of Strasburg. The orchestra was complete in every department, consisting of upwards of two hundred performers; and the execution of the music, considering the few rehearsals, was remarkably good. This mass, written in Beethoven's usual grand and mysterious style, was performed by such harmonious voices, and such a powerful band, that the vast multitude present was almost overcome by the divine service, and seemed impressed with the purely spiritual feelings of another world.

PARIS.—The Demoiselles Elsler took their farewell to-day; and it is reported that they are at law with the Director of the Italian Opera House in London. The public having demanded that Madame Taglioni should be engaged, M. Laporte finds he does not require the services of the two sisters, and consequently has offered to cancel their engagement, which they have refused. *Inde ira!*

The young Appollinaire de Kontski, who has caused such a sensation this winter, not only by his unusual precocity, but also by his finished playing on the violin, is about making a tour of the provinces. This "virtuoso," although only eleven years old, has already acquired great reputation in Germany, and is called the "Young Paganini." At Paris he has played with the greatest success at all the principal *soirées* and concerts. Baillot and Lafont have honoured him several times with their applause; and Paganini, before whom he has played some most difficult pieces, not satisfied with expressing his approbation in words, has written the following eulogium:—

"Having heard M. de Kontski, aged eleven years, perform several pieces of music on the violin, and having found him worthy of being ranked among the most celebrated artists of the present day, permit me to say, that if he continues his studies in this fine art, he will, in course of time, surpass the most distinguished performers of the age. (Signed) PAGANINI."

VIENNA.—Thalberg is still here, resting after his last trip to France. He is taking his pleasure, is received familiarly at court, and refuses to play in public. We have heard of some delightful and novel specimens of vocal music which he has just written, and which are to appear in Paris in the month of January next. Thalberg has always shown great taste for this kind of composition; and there is no doubt if he was to turn his attention seriously to it, he would produce some remarkable things. What he has already written induces us to think that what he may now write will be worthy of his reputation, and show a new feature in the art of composition.

We read that M. Catterino Catterini has brought to perfection the hitherto only noisy cymbal, and raised it to the rank of a concertante instrument. By means of eleven pedals the cymbal is made to produce all possible tones. We may therefore shortly hope to see sonatas and solos written for the cymbal.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—It is well known, and never before been disputed, that of the two Histories of Music, that of Dr. Burney's is the best. Why *Justicia Musica* should stigmatize Sir John Hawkins's as a *mass of twaddle* puzzles me. It has ever been considered as abounding in facts, and other valuable information connected with musical history, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. It is a foolish idea to suppose that Burney copied from Hawkins, but it is rather strange that Burney's examples on ancient musical notation, by letters and points (contained in his second volume, from pages 33 to 39,) should be the same as those in Martini's "*Storia della Musica*," tom. i. page 177 to 186, without acknowledging the source from whence they were taken, excepting in one instance which is the same that is in Hawkins's first volume, I mean the specimen on the yellow line. Why not have given specimens distinct from those in Martini's work, there were plenty to be found in the old MS. Missals, Graduals, Antiphonals, and other offices of the Roman catholic service extant.

Stevens, it was well know, was intrusted with Hawkins's MSS. to correct before it went to press, therefore it was the more unpardonable on his part to criticise and cry down the work of his *friend*, which it appears he did with so much acrimony, that it stopped the sale of the work, and the consequence was, that Hawkins had by him a quantity remaining in sheets, of which it appears he got so sick at the sight, that he ordered it down in the kitchen (or cellar,) and a great deal of it was used by the servants to light the fires with, until a Bookseller bought up the remainder; but in consequence of it laying so long in the damp, some of the sheets got stained, which is still to be traced in many of the copies extant. As to "*raising heaven and earth*" to crush the sale of Burney's History, I have always understood it to be "*vice versa*."

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

CENSORIUS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**MR. G. KOLLMAN'S PIANOFORTE.**—The first Pianoforte was a simple instrument, the happy improvement on the harpsichord which suggested itself to the fertile mind of Gottlieb Schröder rather more than a century ago. Many improvements have since been effected, for some of which, performers have been indebted to scientific men in no wise connected with the profession; thus the covering the base strings with wire, we owe to the suggestion of a literary gentleman attached to the British Museum; and we doubt not that pianists are equally indebted in a similar way for many other valuable additions to the mechanism of this delightful instrument. The *imperfection* of the pianoforte exists in the fact, that its strings are not immediately acted on by the finger, or in other words, the mechanism attached to the ivory note is but inadequately adapted to obey the every varying and delicate impulses which agitate the mind of a finished performer and well educated musician. Much however has been effected; and much more appears to be attempting, a result which may probably be ascribed in some measure to the visits of the wonder-working professors of the new school of pianoforte composition—Thalberg and Doehler. The music now written for the instrument, demands great power of tone—and of that quality which will travel through a large and crowded room; a simultaneous grasp of distant intervals, and a rapid enunciation of each note. Mr. Kollman, by his invention, professes to have added improvements in regard to each of these attributes. He states that he has gained the finest quality, and the greatest power of tone by certain peculiarities in the sound board and strings; and by the position of the hammers and mechanism which are placed above the strings; so that they strike down upon them and towards the bridge and sound-board. This action is said to combine with improvement in quality and power of tone, a free and unfailing touch enabling the performer to produce every shade of expression, and affording the utmost scope to a facile execution. By a novel arrangement of the screws, Mr. Kollman reports himself to have arrived at a purer intonation, and this attained by the simplest means. On Monday a numerous audience assembled in the Hanover Square Rooms to witness an exhibition of the advantages which these instruments are understood to possess. Mr. Kollman performed on the occasion a sonata of his own composition, a concerto and grand trio by Beethoven, and (with Miss Rippon) the adagio and finale in Hummel's duet in A flat. He was assisted by Mrs. Bishop, Miss Birch, and Miss F. Woodham, vocalists; by Messrs. Blagrove, Hauseman, and others, instrumentalists. We shall inspect and try for ourselves Mr. Kollman's inventions; and shall then announce our opinion of their merits. At present, it will be seen, we entirely withhold any expression either of approbation or the contrary.

**MUSICAL LECTURES.**—An interesting course of lectures on the history of music is now in the course of delivery at the Mary-le-bone Institution, Edward Street, Portman Square, by M. Pepoli, a gentleman distinguished both in the musical and literary circles. He has undertaken to trace the progress of music from the earliest times to the present day, and its varying features in the different parts of the world. M. Pepoli is evidently well informed, and an enthusiastic lover of the art. His matter is clearly arranged, and it is delivered in a fervent and animated manner.

The Paris papers inform us that Paganini, who has not appeared in public for some time, owing to severe indisposition, intends giving four concerts at Drury Lane Theatre.

KALKBRENNER has been appointed a Member of the Legion of Honour.

The direction of the Theatre Italien, in Paris, has been granted to M. Berlioz for fifteen years. A clause in the deed restricts the manager to foreign operas, and imperatively forbids the production of any French opera.

**THE LAST CORONATION.**—The music performed at the Coronation of his late Majesty, William the Fourth, was Attwood's two anthems, "I was glad," and "O Lord, grant the king," an anthem by Knyvett, "The king shall rejoice," the Coronation anthem, Hallelujah chorus, and Overture to the Occasional Oratorio by Handel, and Responses arranged to the *chaconne* of Jomelli.

**THE PASTORAL SYMPHONY.**—When Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was first performed in this country, it was divided into two parts. The pause was relieved by the introduction of the song, "Hush ye pretty warbling choir," from the *Acis and Galatea* of Handel!

**PIANOFORTE PLAYING.**—"Many entertain the erroneous opinion, that to arrive at excellence it is necessary to practise at least six or seven hours every day; but I can assure them, that a *regular daily and attentive* study of at most three hours, is sufficient for this purpose. Any practice beyond this damps the spirit, produces a mechanical rather than an expressive and impassioned style of playing, and is generally disadvantageous to the performer, inasmuch as, when compelled to lay aside this incessant exercise, if called on to play any piece on a sudden, he cannot regain his usual powers of execution without having some days previous notice."—*Hummel's Pianoforte School.*

### WEEKLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

#### PIANOFORTE.

- Bott, Jean. *Moreaux d'Amusemens*, No. 1, polaccas, waltzes, scherzo, galops..... *Weasel*  
 Rosenhain. "Gay Loists," No. 2, Rondo Theme de Brugiere..... *Ditto*  
 Lanner, Joseph. Lannerina. No. 1, German Waltzes..... *Ditto*  
 Kalliwoða. First and Second Sets, "Tentonian" Quadrilles, Waltzes and Galops with variations..... *Ditto*  
 Strauss. Valses Universelles, set 33 and 33, Paris Waltzes, Op. 97, 100..... *Ditto*  
 Doehler. Fantasia from Anna Bolena. Chappell  
 Burgmuller. Three Melodies from Parisina. No. 2..... *Ditto*  
 Herz, I. Three airs de ballet from Stradella..... *Ditto*  
 Hunten. Three Italian Cavatinas arranged as duets..... *Ditto*  
 Musard's 41st set of quadrilles, entitled the Coronation..... *D'Almaine*  
 Doehler. Variations on an air by Bellini, Op. 13..... *Ditto*  
 Menes. "Ah quando in regie"..... *Lonsdale*  
 Ringwald. "Spanish maidens graceful move"..... *Monro*  
 Valentine. "Merrily danced the quaker's wife"..... *Ditto*  
 Herz. "Pas redouble"..... *Platta*  
 Burgmuller. Polish air with variations *Ditto*  
 Strauss. "Gems of Strauss," No. 1..... *Shade*  
 ——"Brusler Spitzen Walzer"..... *Ditto*  
 ——"Ball Racketen Walzer"..... *Ditto*  
 ——"Philomelen, or Rhine Walzer"..... *Ditto*  
 ——"Les Brillantes"..... *Ditto*  
 ——"Orlean, or Tivoli Rutch Walzer"..... *Ditto*  
 Herz. "Lucia di Lammermoor," Grand Fantasia..... *Mori*  
 Nadaud. The Mazurek dance, by Mademoiselle Taglion..... *Ditto*  
 Dos Santos, D. I. "Les Portugaises," No. 2, new series, set of original quadrilles and a waltz..... *Paine*  
 Czerny. First and second fantasia from Le Postillon..... *Chappell*  
 Fleche, A. The Coronation Waltzes. Jefferys  
 Glover, C. W. The Parisian Galopade..... *Ditto*  
 Doehler. Fantasia and variations on cavatina from Anna Bolena; Vivi Tu! *D'Almaine*  
 Bellini. Op. Norma..... *Ever*  
 Heidelberg, C. Buona Notta, with variations..... *T. E. Purday*  
 Strauss. Gems de Strauss, a selection of waltzes..... *Ditto*  
 Craven, J. T. Easy variations on God save the Queen..... *Ditto*

#### VOCAL.

- Sporle. "The welcome back"..... *Shade*  
 Lodge, John. "How beautiful is night," prize glee, 1838..... *Lonsdale*  
 Crouch, F. N. "Oh! gaze upon the moon love"..... *Chappell*  
 Ransford, E. "Hang up his harp, he'll wake no more"..... *Falkner*

- Glover, Stephen. The Gipsy's tent..... *Falkner*  
 ——"The Smugler King"..... *Ditto*  
 Clifton, I. C. "Oh lead me from these halls of state"..... *Ditto*  
 Jarman. "Harp of Judah," coronation anthem..... *Hart*  
 "Disbanded Yeoman's Lament," by a grey-headed patriot..... *Lonsdale*  
 Lee, A. "Tis when no trifler lingers"..... *Chappell*  
 Glover, S. "Scene of my infant days"..... *T. E. Purday*  
 Blewitt, J. "Norah Mac Shane"..... *Ditto*  
 Killick, Thos. "Yes once again I'd hear that lay"..... *D'Almaine*

#### FOREIGN VOCAL.

- Mercadante. "Quel labbro adorato"..... *Chappell*  
 Tomaschek. "Silent sorrow," German songs, No. 73..... *Weasel*  
 ——"The wanderer's song," ditto 73..... *Ditto*  
 Weber. German songs No. 70, "I think of thee"..... *Weasel*  
 Tomaschek. "The red rose"..... *Ditto*  
 Donizetti. "Sogno talon di Correr," Air in Parisina..... *Chappell*  
 Labarre. "Mon fils est la," Romance *Ditto*  
 ——"Sans Espoir," ditto..... *Ditto*

#### ORGAN.

- Gauntlett's edition of Sebastian Bach's Works, Nos. 13, 14, 15..... *Lonsdale*  
 Flowers, G. I. "Six grand Fugues"..... *Balls*  
 Handel. Chorus "The Lord shall reign," arranged by Nixon..... *Monro*  
 ——"Fixed in his everlasting seat," ditto..... *Ditto*  
 ——"How beautiful are," and "Break forth into Joy" ditto..... *Ditto*  
 ——"Coronation anthem," ditto..... *Ditto*

- "Ye happy nation," round, ditto..... *Ditto*

#### HARP AND PIANO.

- Boehsa. Select airs from Parisina..... *Mori*  
 Strauss. 12 Sets of Waltzes..... *Cocks*  
 FLUTE AND PIANO.

- Nicholson. "O Dolce"..... *Ditto*  
 SONGS FOR GUITAR.  
 Herold. "A la fleur du belage"..... *Johanning*  
 Boieldieu. "Depuis long tems"..... *Ditto*  
 Nicolo. "Dans un deire extreme"..... *Ditto*  
 Madehen. "Lange nicht kenunot du mir"..... *Ditto*

#### GUITAR SOLO.

- Strauss. "Rosa waltzes," arranged by L. Schulz..... *Ditto*  
 ——"Philomelen," or Rhine waltzes, ditto..... *Ditto*  
 ——"Mien Schoust," in Baden waltzes, ditto..... *Ditto*

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

- Kuhlau and Godbe. Bouquet de 3 Roses, Piano and Violoncello, Nos. 2 and 3, on theme by Hummel..... *Weasel*  
 Vallons. Violin Tutor, Part I..... *Shade*



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